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Book 16

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A CALIFORNIAN
THROUGH
CONNECTICUT AND THE BERKSHIRES
BY
R. W. OSBORN

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BY R. W. OSBORN

To
a good host
C. F. OSBORN
of
New Haven, Conn.
this volume is dedicated
by the author

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FORE-WORD

It has been said that a Californian is so satiated with scenery, climate, color and atmosphere that he cannot appreciate the beauty of other places.

This is unfair to us Californians, it is untrue. The following pages will prove how untrue it is, for the author is not alone with a sense of beauty in other parts of our country, wherever that beauty may reveal itself. We have our venerated traditions, but we do not feast on them. We have a carnival of color and awe-inspiring scenery, but he who truly loves these things, loves them where'er they are found. That part of the country described in this volume conquered the writer and he does not hesitate to say so.

R. W. O.

Berkeley, November, 1916.



HIS is designed as a simple narrative, so simple in fact, that the author makes no pretense as to any value to be attached to it, other than the one of satisfaction that it gives in its recital. The trip consumed five days, starting from New Haven, Connecticut, to the Berkshires in Massachusetts and return to New Haven thence to New York.

While there were many good souls that figured in the events of the week, yet for obvious reasons we shall confine the characters to four: Partner, Bill, Ernest and Rufus, to say nothing of the "Brown Sea-going Jitney" which was the car.

Why expatiate upon the characters of these four. Let the recital delineate them.

Rufus was probably the most uncommunicative, the most taciturn of all acquaintances made on the trip. There was a naughty little twinkle in his eyes of ashen gray. He would nod his approval of certain suggestions, smile most appealingly and there was something about him that inspired companionship. He did not, as we recall, say very much on any subject. Like Ernest he was a good listener.

How true it is that the deepest attachments are sometimes made eternal not so much by what is said as by what is radiated. Bill knows this, knows it to be a psychological fact, for more than once on the trip did he seem lost, oblivious of all the passing show, the eternal beauty of the scene around him.

Says Pard, "Bill, what are you thinking about, home eh?" And in a quiet, yet impelling, response he answered "Home." For it was far away in that beautiful city of Berkeley which nestles the hillside, where are those whom he loves; and there was one there whose propinquity to Bill was the inspiration for the good that was his. He often said that silent communion with her was worth more in the contentment and happiness of life than could be found in the richness of converse with a Madame de Staël.

But then each has some one to conserve that spiritual link between two likely souls. With Bill it was his wife and children, who formed a chain forged not by the mythical hand of a Vulcan, but by an inscrutable Providence.

"Look Bill," Partner was forever disturbing the continuity of such thoughts by calling attention to some noted place of beauty, "that is Bligame Cottage. Say! if that's a 'cottage' what would you call a mansion?"

Sure enough what would you? There in stately grandeur stood a mansion surmounting a knoll overlooking a vast estate, with its rich carpet of green that stretched before the home, like a Persian rug with a field of single tone and bordered by a rich design such as the Kirman or the Shiraz.

This home, magnificent as a picture, was none the less like a beautiful woman, richly gowned and jeweled, whose beauty, however, was according to the conventional lines of art, but without a spiritual mark to denote a soul. A Niobe in tears.

There are many, many of these beautiful homes which dazzle the eye, but appeal to the mind as of purposeless existence.

"Hard on to port" or something like it, "but steer the craft to the regular channel."

"Quite true, to the channel" says Bill, and so we proceed with our story and omit these excursions into the Gulf of Speculation.

Our first night in New Haven was by no means a Bacchanalian bout nor was it a Chautauqua meeting, but as truth pays homage to the gods, it must be recorded that the evening was a round of pleasure among congenial and fitting souls, and you will find them in New Haven. Partner is a good entertainer, he seems to know how to search the very heart for its yearnings, although not infrequently throughout the evening he would sit like a king without a crown, his sceptre being a smile. He would listen complacently to Bill's recital of the beauties of California and was always playfully tolerant of human short-comings when it came to politics. Partner was a Wilsonian Democrat while Bill—might have been a "green-backer" because, as he often said, he favored lots of money.

But to the evening!

Bill had been recounting how once upon a time when he and his wife had closed their home for a few months and left word with neighbors that if at any time a light should be seen within the house to ring for the police, that something would be wrong; and how inadvertently upon returning, the lights were turned on, and having failed to give the neighbors warning, the unexpected happened. Of course, it was a good story, but, bless your soul, you cannot outwit the East; and is it not strange that human nature is pretty much the same whether in New Haven or in San Francisco? But truth outrides fiction and the Major remarked (and by the way we will des-

ignate him "the Major" in order to contradistinguish him from the other guests, and again parenthetically, the Major was one of the Police Commissioners of his town) that he and his wife had done likewise but with this exception, that a squad of policemen came to his home and battered the front door making things pretty lively for the Major, who eventually made known his identity.

"Well," as one of the sweet bits of femininity remarked: "If we do not start home it will verge perilously close to the 'wee sma' hours,'" and the next day was to commence the trip that was to be the *raison d'être* of this narrative.

II.

We started from New Haven about 10 o'clock, taking the road by Wallingford and Meriden to Hartford, which latter place was the objective point for luncheon. The road is an excellent one, quite in keeping with the eastern reputation for good roads. To a Westerner the trip lends additional interest in view of the number of "Ye Olden" homes along the highway. "Erected in 1650," 1710, 1750, etc., are quite ordinary observations and one can, with a little imagination, picture many scenes of that period. As you approach the historic city of Hartford one is impressed with the fact that the city occupies the low-lands, for indeed you descend quite a bit into the hollow of a bowl. But the city is beautiful and interesting and if one be at all acquainted there, the conventional New England reserve is not at all evident. A wholesome Americanism pervades the place, a quiet dignity is noticeable and the air is redolent of a good old-fashioned sincerity.

We luncheoned at the Hueblein, where we partook of more than a modest refecton, but of the palatable viandry, the Golden Bantam corn was the most seductive. The menu consisted of clams on the half shell, some corn, dainty lamb chops, some corn, a salad, then some corn. Oh, well, never mind the remainder, for corn was king, and with a knightly courtesy, reverence was paid to the king. Long live the king!

After a few calls on friends the trip was continued by taking a northwesterly course through New Hartford, Norfolk, Canaan, and then Ashley Falls to Sheffield, all a beautiful country, with fine roads. As you approach Ashley Falls the Housatonic River unfolds through its sinuous curves and from there on through to Great Barrington the country is simply entrancing.

Sheffield, they say, is the oldest incorporated city in the Berkshires and the record reveals the fact that it was purchased from an Indian named Konkpot, or something like it.

The price paid was a little gold, a few barrels of cider and then some rum—probably it was the intrinsic value of the latter that sealed the bargain.

Great Barrington is a pretty place with many notably beautiful homes and gardens, wide streets tree-lined, and it is

claimed but not proven that Bryant wrote there his Thanatopsis, while serving as town clerk, enough to make Barrington great.

But Stockbridge is more impressive to the traveler; devoid of business aspect, it invites a feeling of refined exclusion, not, however, in any opprobrious sense. There you will find many excellent examples of rich colonial architecture with no prearranged or set system in laying out the village. It is probably this unconventional irregularity that is so impressive. The highway, for it is most unpoetic to style it a street, is artistic in contour and suggestive of very old age, an aspect that does so much to lend enchantment to parts of New England. The church sits serenely midst a clump of stately elms which forms the groined arch for the richly carpeted aisle of green lawn. Then the eye is detained for a moment to feast upon the pure colonialism of the Jonathan Edwards house, again to become riveted to the beautiful Sargeant Memorial Tower more like a campanile, with a rich clinging vine to lend a poetic beauty to its chaste architecture. The clock in the roof dormer suggests—

“Son, observe the time and fly from evil.”

although it would seem impossible for evil thoughts to congregate around the village.

The town sits close to the river which lends additional charm to the scene, but after all it is the refinement, the cultivated atmosphere and the charming sense of *laissez-faire* that holds in rapture the truant tourist.

Before reaching Stockbridge, however, the eye observes Monument Mountain replete with legendary lore and made more famous by Bryant—

“There is a precipice

That seems a fragment of some mighty wall

Built by the hand that fashioned the old world.”

The stone cairn erected by the Indians was the object of religious ceremonials of the tribes of long ago and pilgrimage to this shrine is continued by the redmen.

It was here, so the legend runs, that an Indian maid, who loved most passionately a cousin of the blood, died lest the incestuous love should bring her shame.

From Stockbridge the traveler can tour the scenic road known as Jacob's Ladder or keep on north to Lenox, which latter we did.

If you can picture the transition of mind upon leaving a company of intellectual people and immediately entering a richly appointed room graced by women of gorgeous raiment, be-jewelled and around them all of the attributes of wealth, one can at least comprehend the difference between these two places. Leave a Madame de Staël and be shown a priceless statue of an inanimate Venus.

Well, as it is related, Stockbridge excites the deepest feelings of the soul, Lenox appeals to the senses.

At one time in its history Lenox was the rendezvous for literary people. Hawthorne lived there, wrote there; but to the passerby it no longer pays tribute to the intellectual aspects of life, but rather to the refinements to which wealth pays homage.

It is in the air, the very atmosphere is redolent of all the uses and abuses of wealth. It is simply magnificent. Venus de Milo stands there all right but there is no soul within her marble form. The ivory image of Galatea

“— is beautiful indeed, but cold.”

No Pygmalion to ask that it be given a soul.

Knoll after knoll is enriched by a mansion of wonderful beauty overlooking the charming valley with repeating intervals, surrounded by trees full open with their thousands of leaves nodding in the breeze, the massive oaks with their gnarled limbs and the undulating low hills following each other like the ocean waves and covered with lawns of a green of greens. The vision is now obscured by a clump of trees, then an open vista and this in turn closed by the hushed seclusion of a tiny forest. It is rapture but sensual.

It is art in its fullness, but lacks the spirit which true art reveals.

Leaving Lenox it was not long before we reached Pittsfield for the night. Approaching the city the sun was sinking in the West, but the scenes of the day were still rich in their tones of warmth and it seemed cruel to leave them, for as the day weds the night, in the passing we cling closer to the light. We were in moods of faith and when the night closed all view to that which had been, it was the living expectation of the morrow that fed the mind. Good night.

III.

Calmed by a sleep of sweet repose, as tenants of a house of clay, we vacated the premises and moved; had it been a waking hour it would have been a beautiful reverie.

Then some doubtful dreams moved by the current of waking thoughts, ceased. We had been living in a transcendent idealism of the preceding day and it was no small disappointment to be jarred by the clang of the bells on the street cars at Pittsfield; however, to be up and doing, and doing comprehended not only the cold bath but a shave as well. When we knocked on Partner's door there was no response and peeking in we observed there lying supinely on the restful couch, the author of our outing.

"Aren't you going to get up?" said Bill.

"Never fear, never fear," came the response from under the covers. However, it was not long before we had breakfasted and taken a fresh start toward Williamstown and the Mohawk Trail. We rode through a marvelously beautiful country of excellent roads, and reached North Adams about 10 o'clock. North Adams is essentially a commercial city, a manufacturing town. Textile mills are there in plenty and it was with no regret that we made a sharp turn to observe the sign "Mohawk Trail." Ernest had started his machine so as to carry the grade on the high and was making it well although the grade is rather a steep one, when a fruit vender decided at an inauspicious moment to turn his rig to the left which required our chauffeur to be "Johnnie-on-the-spot." Ernest made a flank movement, a slight detour and then proceeded up the grade, a little put out however, as he was compelled, before reaching the summit, to go into the intermediate. This trail is the original one laid out by the Indians long before that part of Massachusetts had a reputation. Engineers cut a shelf in the side of the hills so as to get an unobstructed view practically throughout the drive. Once in a while there was a sharp turn or a generous curve, but usually long stretches of fairly straight road and, as Partner says, "some road." There is an ever changing panorama and yet a complete harmony in the scene, like impressions that cluster about one reacting upon one another until the mind contains one harmonious thought. The Berkshires unlike our western scenery are thoroughly co-related, there are no

defiant breaches in their continuity, not unlike a poem that tells you its story simply, beautifully and poetically without making any excursions into the unusual or departing in any sense from its text.

As we were speeding around a curve in the road we noticed many motor cars ahead, from which the passengers had alighted to view the enchanting scene from the point called "Hairpin Curve."

A beautiful sight!

"Hello, Ben!" said Partner, and this salutation was addressed to a young fellow of about fifteen summers, who between school periods and home, made his fortune by selling postcards and banners to the tourists.

Ben says that his business nets him an average of thirty dollars a week; one week in summer his receipts reached seventy-two dollars. Some business for a kid of fifteen, eh?

"Do you go to school, Ben?" ventured Bill

"Sure, and in vacation and after school I sell the cards."

Of course, we bought some. That is Partner did, for he had a way of impressing his guests with the fact that he is the host and "some host, believe me," says Bill.

Well, it is recorded the cards were purchased, and Bill started a little conversation.

"To whom do you sell the most," and quickly Ben's expressive eyes scintillated.

"Oh, gee, I am a wise guy and only offer once to the big cars," then, "you see, mister, the big and expensive cars usually have some old, rich guy who is covered all over with robes, and in charge of a lady nurse. They are crotchety and have a grouch so I give them the go-by."

"Well," questioned Bill, "who, then, are your best customers?"

"Oh, the cheap cars, mostly Fords, are my best customers, excepting my friend here (pointing to Partner), who is a mighty good customer. Gee, he must give lots of cards away." Then after a pause he continued, "I'd know that car anywhere, it's a beauty all right."

Ben not only knew a good car but had a keen sense of beauty.

Now there is some psychology in Ben's observation about people, for how true it is that very often with tourists motor

driven, one will encounter the millionaire broken in health, taking a ride with a nurse and maybe some of the family as a precaution against what the French say is "the unexpected." Two interesting studies, psychological and social.

But the Hairpin Curve!

The Berkshire hills are not noted for their grandeur, it would not be the proper word to use in a descriptive sense. They are beautiful almost beyond compare. They incite the poetic instinct rather than awe and for that reason the euphonious name "Mohawk Trail" should never have been desecrated by introducing so unpoetic a name as Hairpin Curve to any part of it. True, that would probably suggest itself to the mind of the engineer who, by the way, had to work out some mathematical problems in making that bend, but should this not be termed Inspiration Point? for that is just what it is. You drive along a beautiful road lined with elms, oaks, birches and other trees too numerous to mention, to say nothing of the clinging shrubs, the ivy, sumac, golden rod and the aster, when all at once you come to this curve and a scene of beauty lies before you. From that point you look into the States of Vermont, Connecticut and New York, and observe numerous villages quietly browsing in the lawns of nature. The undulating hills give a quaint and picturesque touch in their rational continuity not infrequently contrasted and in the later fall must present a picture of indescribable beauty. We were there e'er Jack Frost had pinched the cheek of the stately elm or the maple, but he had none the less stealthily crept along the ground and in his merciless delight brought the first blush to the poison ivy and the sumac. Proceeding as far as Charlemont we then retraced our steps to North Adams thence to Williamstown.

As related, the impression indescribably fixed upon our minds at Stockbridge reached its superlative degree at the quaint old college town. It beggars description. Apart from its scholastic atmosphere and its tutored refinement, there is a culture that one inevitably feels and not only is this in the air, not only evidenced in its stately and beautiful buildings but even the tourists seem impressed with it and the waiters in the hotel were marked by it. You cannot enter Williamstown without departing with a feeling better for having been there, and whether in man or place such a trait is an invaluable asset and a beautiful heritage.

It is another story to expatiate upon the age of the college, its quaint history, how a legacy was left with which it was endowed, that Garfield was a student there and his son now its president—all that is apart from the picture unfolded to the visitor. It is one continuous lawn and one almost forgets that it is broken here and there by streets. It is the most beautiful college campus that Bill had seen.

As we alighted before the main entrance to the Greylock Hotel Partner was heard to remark:

"Bill, I don't know how you feel, but my pantry is empty," and we proceeded to the dining-room to replenish our larders. As is previously related, the maids and waiters were an uncommon lot of delightful femininity, much prettier and better mannered than some of the guests, for we saw one woman and her daughters who stood out in striking contrast with the culture and refinement of the place, but as we were informed they were from — and quite wealthy. But to our muttons!

After passing about two and a half hours at Williamstown we proceeded on our journey toward Pawnal and Bennington, by the White Oaks Road over which the Berkshire warriors marched to fight the British at Bennington, both old-fashioned Vermont towns, the latter, as the reader well knows, is quite historic and with a real revolutionary flavor.

Well, it is about time to consider our return to the fascinating college town, thence on to Pittsfield.

At this juncture we crossed the State line between Massachusetts and Vermont. It is claimed that an error was made in the survey of this line and through which error Williams College was placed in Massachusetts instead of Vermont. Stupid of the surveyor but how fortunate for Massachusetts, potentially illustrating the law of compensation.

The luncheon at the Greylock was excellent and the travelers having partaken sumptuously, Bill was inclined to be drowsy, in fact two or three times Partner noticed that Bill was in the Land of Nod.

It was not at all uncommon to pass place after place that Partner would designate as a battleground or the scene of some Indian massacre or where interesting legendary scenes were enacted.

We drove on and on passing spots of matchless beauty, here a hill of wondrous color and there a secluded tarn, while

further on stood the noble features of old Greylock. The ear would catch the music of the gentle runnel, the eye arrested by the enchantment of a fugitive bunch of autumnal color, the nose scenting the ambrosia of the gods. Who could view it all without a feeling of sanctity and when thought wings itself to a Parnassian height and then takes on additional lustre—is it surprising that Bill was quiet? Not pensive, but entranced. Then we came to a knoll overlooking a hollow green beautifully affected by the lowering tones of the sunset. A hollow, shall we call it, the hollow of God's hand? For such it was; or as the Spanish would style it, La Palma de la Mano de Dios. What means it all, whence, whither?

Partner requested Ernest to stop the machine for a moment that we might linger a little with the scene so entrancingly set before us and then—

As if silently springing from the rock-ribbed side of the lonely trail, the stately form of an Indian appeared. Clad in the meager skins that draped the forms of the tribes of that period, he was followed by another, erect and bronzed and then a third with face lined and marked as if by the storms of life. These three moved silently across the trail, entered the thicket on the opposite side and disappeared.

Then came a maiden, richly clad in skins and beads, a wealth of hair hanging in braids. Her eyes were as black as the night in a starless winter month, and by her side a buck of some ten summers, stood intently.

They rested in the trail while she crooned an Indian love song, the motif of which seemed to change suddenly into that of the dirge carrying its weird and doleful notes through the hills, and then returning joined the winnowing of the leaves in a sweet cadence until only its memory lingered.

At its conclusion she paused, looked into the receptive eyes of the lad and commenced to speak. She told him of the long, long night, how the Great Spirit threw a ball of fire into the sky and then the light of day came forth. She told him that the country was flat, that there were no trees to gladden the eye, no rivers to quench the thirst or moisten the hard ground, no animals or fish for food.

One day a vulturous tribe, unbidden and merciless, like the fiendish rush of the storm, descended from the clouds, sprang upon their prey and killed the tribe, all save one lonely maiden whom they did not see and who escaped in the dark-

ness. She lay motionless on the blood-soaked ground where, numbed by the pall of death, this poor infinite soul was chastened by the sight of those shrouds of clay, and after their malefic mission was at an end, she arose and lifting her arms to the Great Spirit, pleaded to Him to protect her.

Her lamentations were loud and the Great Spirit heard.

She asked Him to rear around her great walls or hills to serve as a mighty fortress, and within which she could be safe. She prayed that between these hills might flow the gentle streams to nourish the land, and to carpet the hillside and glades with a beautiful verdure. As she closed her invocation the Great Spirit answered.

The ground began gently to move and swell, at first but little hills appeared as though the earth had pressed its shoulders forth; but gradually they pushed their granite forms toward the sky and mountains were formed. These were her battlements, the aegis of her protection. Then dainty green petals began to break through the earth, displacing its sterile crust, yielding a most beautiful carpet to ease the foot and sooth the eye, and flowers and ferns nestled against the floor of the valley, while tall and stately trees shot up here and there and came so fast that in kind and color she could not count them.

The Great Spirit felt sad for the little squaw and shed tears for her suffering and these tears found their way by stealth down the hillside, idly dropping at first, then gently flowing onward and onward, until in myriads they sought companionship with each other, singing their sweet lullabys when they met and were merged into one big "peaceful river."

When she beheld all this, her eyes were moist and her heart was full. The mountains gave her strength to defend her heritage. The trees as they reared their tips to the skies, led her to the Great Spirit, and beneath their leafy coats there couched the forms of life that were to be her food. The hills in their mantle of green, the trees tall and stately, the idly flowing waters all sang in symphonic tones—she had triumphed and her paeans rang through the glade and o'er the hills and into the crags of the mountain tops, until the brilliant scene sank in the coloring of the west, leaving in its wake the soft light to blend its parting kisses with the oncoming night.

And this was the legend of the hills that she recited to the young warrior. In its benevolent deception she encouraged the redman's soul to go forth to the mountains, the hills, the trees and the "peaceful river."

And then came the rude awakening. The pale face invaded these hills and the echo of her paeon has faded into the song of the thrush. But who knows if the thunder of the hills be not her voice calling upon the Great Spirit for redemptive justice. Aye, who knows?

IV.

The Hoosac (peaceful river) is a beautiful mountain stream moving silently along through the gently rolling hills, then stretching out in the open glade, finally forcing its onward march through a cleft in the Taconic range as if to divide the battlements of the warring tribes. About here, ensconced in the recesses of the hills, was a single grave, silent, storyless and as if guarded

“By Nebo’s lonely Mountain”—

But there *is* a little story, or legend as we shall term it, about this spot, for here love and jealousy played their parts.

Bena was a lovely little Indian maiden, the daughter of Wawbeek the invincible chief. She was in love with Osseo a young buck of admitted courage and fine form and face, Osseo loved Bena with a love that only big souls possess.

They would meet at eventide and linger till the mystery of the purple tones of night passed under the cloak of Erebus. One evening she came as usual and waited for her lover, but he did not come, and she looked and gazed through the awful reaches of an endless horizon and then, beyond to an infinite solitude, but Osseo did not come. The shades of night oppressed her and in the anguish of her soul she made her way back to her tepee where a peaceful sleep might still her restless spirit until the breaking of the day.

Shada was another squaw belonging to the same tribe, a vixen and the spirit of jealousy incarnate. Shada loved Osseo but he did not return to her that which she gave to him. He loved her not. He knew, however, that Shada loved him and he aimed honorably to avoid her advances.

Now it seems that Kwasind, a buck of great reputation as a fighter and an invincible foe, was also a suitor for the hand of Bena, not that he particularly loved her but he was possessed of a disposition that would do most anything to preclude Osseo from reaching his goal. Such natures are frequent in life and probably are designed by Providence as a reciprocal foil for the more earnest natures.

Shada and Kwasind were capable of good team work, their moral obliquities were evenly divided and each was an adept in the art of deception. Shada probably was the more capable of the two and being a woman seemed to hold Kwas-

ind's mind somewhat in subjection, at least she could teach him some things in the art of intrigue.

She resolved to induce her associate in these delicate brutalities, to make ardent love to Bena and if successful, the path to the heart of Osseo would then be open to her. With a surging sea of human passions she approached her prey and carefully unfolded her plan in order not to let him indulge a suspicion of her real motive. Kwasind agreed, he seemed to comprehend her by an inverted reflection and with a keen appetite for exploration into the byways of her mental irregularities, he proceeded to the shrine of Bena's love.

It was a fleeting romance.

She loved but one and that one was Osseo. She did not love Kwasind and she told him so.

When he reported to Shada how impotent had been his effort, she met him with an accusing stare, but he, unmoved by storm or tempest, smiled and only smiled.

Undaunted, Shada seized a new thought and resolved to approach the chief with a suggestion that for the morrow's battle he offer a prize to the buck who shall prove most valiant in the field. Well she knew that Osseo, steeped in love would not enter the battle and prove himself equal to his former glory, but Kwasind would, and when, as it must, the laurel shall fall on him, he may name his wish and the chief will grant it.

When she regaled in eloquent words the fighting qualities of his tribe and suggested that to the victor Wawbeek should grant his wish, she knew that such request could not be denied.

The chief, all attention, approved her plan and Kwasind with cunning alacrity joined Shada in the intrigue.

Accordingly the bucks were called together and the chief exhorted them to victory and promised to grant any wish or request that the victor might ask.

It was this pow-wow that detained Osseo and that was why he did not venture forth to the trysting place to meet his love.

The battle took place along the Hoosac River, the tribe was successful, Kwasnid the victor, and when they congregated to witness the laurel placed upon the brow of this doughty buck, all were there and Bena stood beside her loved Osseo.

The chief recounted the heroism of his tribe and then turning to Kwasind said:

"And now my valiant buck what would you ask as your prize?" E'er his words redeemed a truant faith, yet with tardy decision he replied:

"Let Bena be my squaw."

In an instant Bena was transformed into a tigress, she looked more like a vulture than the placid loving soul that she was. She screamed and fell in a swoon.

Osseo, maddened with a rage that added a potent fury to passion, made a dash for his brutal enemy. They clutched and fought furiously, then Kwasind was seen to raise his tomahawk and fell his adversary to the ground. Osseo was dead.

The lamentations of the little squaw beggared description. She lifted her dainty bronzed arms to the Great Spirit and implored His revenge. She invoked a curse to blind his hateful eyes, to still his voice, to make him sterile in the art of war. Then she became calm, her soul was chastened like the wind that winnows the chaff from the grain and in this mood of ceaseless pain she prayed for peace, peace eternal. Then moving slowly towards the river's edge she knelt and as she leaned forth, again cried out to the Great Spirit for peace, peace, and then plunged into the river.

The following day gently floating down the stream the stilled form of Bena with a mocking smile, her hands clasping a twig of sumac, moved on and on. She was at peace and ever after her funeral train was called the "Peaceful River."

"Another such jolt as that, Ernest, and you will take me home in a wooden kimona," said Partner, for we had gone swiftly over a bad rut in the road. Bill was awakened, he had been dreaming.

V.

In certain parts of eastern Massachusetts there is probably more of the primitive life to be found than in any other part of New England, but even in these beautiful hills quaint and provincial characters will be encountered.

We will call him Phil for the purpose of this narrative.

It seems that for many years he had been driving a milk wagon throughout the country, and his friends and neighbors thought he had little ambition, that as he had reached the first quarter of a century, he ought to look forward to something a little more pretentious, but Phil was content. One day he resolved to study and to take the civil service examination for a Government berth. By dint of hard work he passed and then sought the aid of the Congressman in his district for a job. It was obtained for him and he began to bid family and friends good-bye. He went to Washington, entered upon the duties of his new position and apparently liked it. After an absence of a month he returned and resumed his old vocation driving the milk wagon. One of his friends saw him and inquired how it happened.

"Thought you took the civil service examination, Phil?"

"Did."

"And I thought you went to Washington to get a job there."

"Did."

"Why didn't you stay with it?"

"Didn't want to."

"You don't say so."

"Yep. Didn't like it. Only did it to show you people what I could do."

The afternoon was wearing on to dusk and we were making for Pittsfield when we saw a lonely Indian in the road just ahead of us. Bill was anxious to pick a certain flower that had engaged his attention all the afternoon so the machine stopped within a few feet of the redman.

He was indeed a queer character. He wore a slouch hat, partly covering a face, the charm of which was hideously distorted by ugly scars that seemed the key to a veiled past and an unveiled future. A face that offered little index to a story that may have been heroic or melodramatic, moved one minute by an expression of solemn mien, then measurably brightened by a forced risibility, followed by a blending of both in

a peculiar syncopated or jerky expression determining the mental and physical slave that he was to the fallen estate of mankind.

"How long have you lived in these woods?" queried Partner.

"Always."

"And what do you do for a livelihood?"

"Anything."

"Are you a descendant of the Mohawks?"

"Guess so."

There was something about this man that breathed mystery. He was not an untutored, ordinary Indian, and if he had spoken beyond the brief replies he had given, a story might have unfolded or perhaps a picture presented itself, a fitting companion to the scene around us.

Partner, a good judge of human nature, looked into those eyes and thought he observed an unwritten story full of cryptic interest. He offered the Indian a cigar which was accepted with avidity. It was the latch string to memory. It released the vocal chords, it created a strange and weird companionship. He became communicative, even garrulous. They talked of the hills, the trees, the river, and finally Bill suggested that the fall was late this year. Such led to the autumnal coloring of the East, how different from the West, and it was suggested that the cause may be different. Finally addressing Partner, he said:

"Have you heard the story of the fall coloring?"

Here surely was a theme to be seized for further information.

"Sit down, I'll give it to you," said Scar Face; and this is his idea of the legend of the fall.

"Once upon a time my people lived here in their simplicity, hunting and fishing were the pastime, and save an occasional conflict between neighboring tribes, contentment abode in the hills, peace and plenty moved o'er the valley. Then came Pale Face to mar the serenity of the scene. The poor Indian was in constant conflict with the invader and each time lost more of his camping ground. One day a big battle was fought. The Indians were securely entrenched behind a wall of granite. With spears, bows and arrows, and with dauntless courage as a shield against all misfortune, they awaited the attack from the Pale Face who were

approaching from the open valley. As they reached the gate to this canyon where the granite shoulders of the mountain seemed to make their position an impregnable fortress, the white invaders rushed upon them, which was neither more nor less than an attempt to lure the redmen from their lair. They accepted the challenge and went forth. The fighting was furious. The steady aim of the dauntless bucks brought many foes to the ground, but gunpowder overcame the swiftness of the arrow. The Indians were vanquished. The redmen's blood covered the ground and their bones lay everywhere, as monuments to a heroic past. Their flesh, what the vultures did not eat, remained as carrion to annoint the fields and fructify the soil. Their blood flowed like rivers, sank into the earth to enrich the vegetation of the hills. The trees that had been monarchs of the forest, the shrubs that frolicked in the gentle breeze along the river banks, the foliage that hugged the water's edge and served as a lacy drape to screen the projecting rocks, the graceful sumac that fringed the lonely trail—all of these gifts from the Great Spirit became dwarfed as if cursed by the ruthless hand of Fate. Even the vigorous roots of the monarch oak absorbed the venom of the wounds. After winter had released her white mantle and the warmth of summer had infused a recreated life, they began to revive, but when the time approached to commemorate the events of the preceding year, those of the redmen who survived, went quietly to their tents to hold communion with the Great Spirit. Upon return to the open glade they beheld a different scene. The ivy, the sumac and other of the lesser habiliments of the forest had taken unto themselves a reddish hue and when the trees looked to the floor and observed their transformation they asked why their compainons had donned a many colored dress in place of the green of the forest, and the little sapling, the clannish sumac and the vagrant shrub told them it was to commemorate the shedding of the redman's blood. In the flush of a deep sympathy the trees held council with each other and they in turn followed by assuming new robes. At first the green was tinged with a scarlet, thence to a crimson and finally to the coat of red.

The deepening dusk with the attenuating outline of the village checked the reverie, for such was the story of the autumn.

VI.

We drove into Pittsfield for the night. Of course we saw the town and met some of the people, but it was not "towns" that interested Bill. Towns are apt to be quite the same everywhere. There was, however, one old building that Partner wished to have Bill visit, and as the occupants were cousins of Partner's we called and had the opportunity to visit the old Peace House.

The Rectory or Peace House as it is commonly known is where the famous Peace Party was held to celebrate the surrender of Cornwallis to Washington. It is a quaint old structure with its many rooms, set and fixed like the squares on a checker-board, low ceilings and open conventional hall of that period, the old fashioned narrow staircasing, a parlor and dining room on one side, reception and other rooms opposite. There was the typical open fire place, with antique andirons, quaint, artistic and fascinating. The furniture is not of the early times, but is some of the best specimens of the old school design and much of it is indeed old, as the rich tones of the mahogany indicated.

In the rear is the study and up stairs are many bedrooms, each with its bath and furnished as of old with quaint four-post beds. The Bishop's room, well, serenely fashioned, stately with a Bishoply atmosphere.

The most modern furnishing lay quietly ensconced between pillows and white linen in a cradle of modern make, an infant totally oblivious of Bill's sympathetic eyes. What a heritage to have been born and reared within the walls of this old historic manse.

Suffice to say that the parents, host and hostess, were charming and the evening was one of pleasure. Refinement and culture, and withal a lively sense of the eternal life, were the atmosphere of the old Rectory.

While it is true that four only engaged the conversation, yet the room was filled to overflowing with courageous and noble spirits of the memorable past, and each impressed his personality in a manner to move the soul to a reverence for peace and good will on earth.

The following morning we got an early start because we wished to make New Haven by 3 o'clock and Ernest knew what to do and how to do it.

How different the tones, for last night as we reached Pittsfield it was a saffron toned horizon blending with the infinite purple that clung to the mountain side, but in the morning the first gray had been translated into the golden flood of light.

Speaking of tones, the people of the East do not know what the inspiring purple of the great western mountains really is or how it influences the mind—possibly it is accentuated by the height and ruggedness of the mountains—but it surely is different.

It was a beautiful morning and the thrush and the meadow lark were sending their melodies through the hills, the feathery tamarack nodded as we passed by and the drooping willow seemed to lift its delicate tracery to peep into our faces for a smile. We were skirting along the lower shelf of the hillside and in companionship with the Hoosac River. Then we came to a turn where jutting headlands took the view from us, but only for a moment, for e'er we had a chance to redirect our eyes the machine entered a long colonade of white birch interspersed with the elm, maple, walnut—and here and there a butternut, all forming an arch of great beauty. It was not altogether the trees that made it so enchanting but flowers playing the coquette at every turn, the wild aster, white balsam, then the golden rod in goodly numbers until in the distance it looked not a little unlike our own poppy fields, the seductive sumac with its pompon of dark crimson and the purple dogwood. Oh, so much to gladden the eye, and just after we had entered this arboreal path, we saw a little pool to the right in which the birds were supping the cool water and taking their morning dip. They ceased their music for this libation, and as if to bathe their forms in the lustral waters of the gods.

When we reached Norfolk the road forked but we took the southerly one towards Torrington striking the Connecticut Valley and a beautiful country along the Naugatuck River, passing through Torrington, Thomaston and making for Waterbury where we were to luncheon.

“Waterbury has something on every man,” is a slogan quite unique, for they make about everything that a man has on his person.

We partook of a substantial meal at The Elton, called by some the most attractive hotel in New England, as for

that it is difficult to say for they are all good, some, of course, better than others.

It is attractively located on the Green, and green in New England means something. We left Waterbury about 2 o'clock and started for New Haven. All along the Naugatuck we encountered beautiful spots. Many of them lay hidden behind clumps of maple and so nestled that the rapidly moving car almost precluded observation. Again we passed more colonades of stately trees with a graceful blending of color, the wild flowers nodding to the passerby; now a puny stream making heroic effort to become a creek or a mere thread of a creek flowing gently through some flowered mead or moss grown glade, then bursting upon the view were the beautiful oak-clad hills. Again there was the river with its tortuous turns, some of these bends forming quiet pools where the cress-covered waters had played the fugitive by gently backing in the crescent of the bank and when unbroken by the cress and other water foliage, mirrored the stately elms.

It is a most alluring melody that reaches the ear when you approach a pool into which is rhythmically dropping a little waterfall. It descends gently like a thin veil o'er milady's face, then in a rollicking cascade splashes along to take another dip and with a rush reaches the river where it rolls on and on. Many of these spots are enchanting and infuse a sense of narcissal luxury.

We now commenced to see the first touch of fall. The night before the frost had found its way to part of these hills and the eye feasted on the suggestion of a great color scheme. Sitting beside the river bank was a pretty picture; a young girl of about seventeen, possibly less, just doing nothing, just sitting, reminding one of sweet Diana beside the running stream. The picture was heightened in its effect by the trees that, reared in Memphian grace, formed an arch over the modern Diana. As the machine made the curve in the road beyond, Bill and Partner raised their hats, not with an affected civility but simply—well, after a long stretch we drove into some sheep that were making for their pasture which was surrounded by a fen-land of some beauty. The scene was a pleasant contrast by removing one picture and substituting for a moment one of bucolic simplicity. In fact you could almost hear the cadence of the shepherd's reed. One little

sheep lagging behind the rest stood alone beside the fence and then a vagrant bird in a truant flight just lit upon the fence and began to send its shrill notes into the ear of the sheep, but who probably was totally oblivious of its tonal charm.

"Here, Bill," said Partner, "how is that for autumnal coloring?" and sure enough he was right. While the ivy and the sumac had turned some few days before, now the red was on the maple and the coloring was indeed beautiful although not as much of it as he had hoped. Here was a family of maples grouped together as if for social intercourse or protection against the violent elements that at times appear to respect nothing, in fact there were two beautiful trees near by that received the fatal blow from the fluid fire that courses through the air.

"Another week," said Partner, "and the coloring will be more plentiful and beautiful, but we haven't had frost enough yet," and Bill began to picture the whole country dressed in its autumnal harmonies.

VII.

Throughout New England the cemeteries form no unimportant part of the villages and not infrequently has the highway been cut through the center of the burying ground.

Some of these silent cities were indeed beautiful, and whether laid out on the open stretch of the flat, or crowning hills of eternity, the simple stones with their quaint inscriptions lent a charm to the passing scene.

We were driving through one of these beautiful cemeteries in Connecticut when of a sudden Ernest threw on the brakes and brought the car to a stop.

A peculiar sight was revealed. But after all one cannot take a trip through this country without confronting many peculiar incidents. Well, as it is related, we came to a sudden halt—just think of it, a “dead” stop in a cemetery, how funereal!

Just ahead of us in the open road appeared the

“DANCE OF THE TOMBSTONES.”

Ernest was wise and knew better than to attempt to force the machine through this weird throng of inanimate and grotesque terpsichoreans.

The stop was none too soon for lying across the road and almost touching the wheels of the machine was a large marble slab, and chiseled upon the face were the name and dates of birth and death. We alighted to give this slab a closer examination and it proved to be that of an Obstructionist, one who died a hundred years ago and whose life had been devoted to the work of constant obstruction. Just a little beyond, the marble figure of what appeared to be a witch stood, with outstretched arms and in rather a menacing attitude.

In measured monotonies we heard “Back, you modern devils, back!” For just a moment Partner and Bill were a little unnerved, for while the sight was a novelty it was not particularly inviting or amusing. A sense of humor, however, overcame the two travelers and Partner, who has an inquiring turn of mind, said “Come along, Bill, let’s look into this.”

Of course, it must be known that Partner was not as

anxious for Bill's judgment upon this particular phenomenon as he was for a little reinforcement.

However, both walked up to the figure which bore a name obliterated by time, but it was quite evident that it was Intolerance. The whole road was filled with these dancers, here and there were observed those who did not partake of the festivities, but one notably that attracted attention was crouched on one side of the road. The features were horribly distorted. It had been many years since that soul had passed to the Great Beyond and the elements had not dealt kindly with its granite form.

By a closer examination it was easily seen that this was Jealousy, still nursing the same old grouch. Then attention was attracted to two marble figures, very old indeed, in fact the oldest of them all. These were quietly seated on the rim of the road ensconced between a fugitive rose and a bunch of wild balsam, immediately back of which was a stately elm, its branches seeming to serve as sentinels against the ugly mien of Jealousy.

It was not necessary to go very close to them for intuitively we knew them to be Love, and they were—

But to the dance.

As related it was weird and grotesque. A stately column matched with a broken shaft was dancing and whirling, totally oblivious of all around. The forms and characters of these tombstones were varied. Avarice was a twisted column, Success and Failure were in spirited conversation and around them moved these weird figures as if to invisible music.

A rather stately, chaste looking marble moved up to Partner, made a courteous bow and congratulated him upon the beauty of his car. This proved to be Progress and quite affable. A short stubby piece of granite rushed forward and in a piping voice wanted to know what that "thing" was, of course referring to the machine. Not only its tone but its defiant manner proved it an old Puritan of the nonprogressive type, one who had believed that all things up-to-date were devils incarnate, and notwithstanding it had passed away about three quarters of a century ago it was still vehement in protest and curses against all modern progress. Partner in a spirit of jocularly spoke:

"Why, old chap, you do not realize what has gone on since your day; now they fly in the air and sail beneath the

waves, the human voice is carried through the air for miles without any apparent means of communication; through a simple wire we can converse with each other across the continent; we reproduce music or the human voice or any sound on a piece of compressed rubber, every note vibrates, the intonation perfectly recorded. Why do you know—" before Partner could proceed further with the galaxy of achievements of the past twenty years this little granite stump gave a whirl, a spin, fell to the ground and was broken into a thousand pieces.

The gyrations of these many formed marbles continued to fascinate the travelers for it was surely a medley of movements. Quite as quickly as the dance commenced it ceased and each assumed its customary place. The silence of the tomb again would have become oppressive had not the swiftly moving messenger passed on into the faithful greens and reds of nature.

VIII.

The roads through Connecticut and the Berkshires and also from New Haven to New York are especially fine and, apart from the fascinating environment, the car runs smoothly, without effort and imparts to the tourist a redeeming sense of satisfaction, for a possibly long day drive.

Throughout Connecticut the system of direction is both simple and unique. The pole or tree or whatever is designed to carry the sign, is encircled by a red or a blue band about five or six inches wide painted thereon. One color indicates the northerly and southerly direction and the other color the easterly and westerly direction, so that the tourist carrying in mind the color will always know whether he is going north or south or to the other points of the compass. This is very convenient, but to a stranger the absence of signs to indicate the town is regrettably noticeable.

We now came to a part of the river which always fascinates Bill: where the logs and driftwood congregate for any purpose their inanimate forms may suggest. You do not see as much of that in New England as in California and the West, presumably because the rivers in New England are power producers, but driftwood is always interesting to one accustomed to the West and which invariably teaches a rich philosophy.

In this instance the jam was not a very large one, about a dozen logs had completely dammed the throat at the bend of the river. In their rushing course down the stream they came pell-mell forming geometric designs and so interlaced as to become an impregnable barrier. Says Partner, "Look at those two little fellows trying to force their passage through that solid wall of timber, and did you see that little one forced over by the current?"

"Yes, and look, Partner," said Bill, "see those two big fellows just abutting against the wall. They came down with great force, but they couldn't break the lock."

"These mute logs illustrate the law of co-operation and the power of resistance. 'Tis not the atomic strength but the unit of many atoms that gives that wall its strength" said Bill.

"Now look" interpleaded Partner, "those poor little timbers floating idly must respond to force and stay where they are put."

"That's very good" responded Bill, "'stay where they are put' has a dynamic meaning."

Then a little further on, a log unaccompanied by a companion just floated leisurely and indifferently tossed by the current from one side to the other, then again released by the moving water to continue its purposeless journey.

"How true that is in life," said Bill, "one poor soul is tossed about with little opportunity to guide itself."

"Yes, Bill, that is true" said Partner, "but a whole lot of them just float, waiting for some other influence to push them on."

These speculations were interrupted by a quaint old-fashioned house engaging our attention. It was erected about 1690 and as we were informed was the scene of many historic incidents and the following may interest the reader.

The architecture of this building was that which antedated the later Colonialism of stately columns. The door was flush with the front of the building, but was graced by curves and lines of artistic merit. The occupants were an old English family consisting of the parents and a daughter of rare beauty and charm of manner. Her hand was sought by a young lieutenant, a representative of the crown. One day he sat with the chief of one of the Indian tribes recounting his ambition to win the hand of his young lady and sitting near by was a medicine man who overheard the story. The latter rather liked the lieutenant and resolved to help him. Accordingly he managed to meet the young lady on various occasions and impressed her with his great power of sorcery and divination. He told her that he could make her see her lover, the man whom she ought to marry, and that if she did not accept the one who would appear in her dream she would be miserable the remainder of her life, but that if she did marry the one depicted in this dream she would live an Arcadian existence. The wiley old buck finally induced her to let him try. Now the Indian medicine man is not a doctor as the name would imply, but rather a "mystery man," a magician. The word is adapted from the French whose doctor or physician is *medecin*. She agreed to meet the medicine man at the appointed time and place and when she arrived he

had prepared the paraphernalia consisting of a large caldron or bowl into which he poured several liquids and this mixed with some herbs was set on fire and sent a pungent odor through the air. He then commenced his incantations over the burning pot-pourri at the same time mumbling some Indian names and words, and passed her a little vial containing a dram of rather a pleasing taste which she drank and immediately she became lulled by countless imagery into a sweet and passing dream. In this dream she saw the lieutenant pleading for her hand, then her acceptance and finally the happy marriage. When she came out of the trance she recited to the medicine man what she had seen and then returned to her home mystified but none the less elated. Within a few days thereafter the lieutenant called, and unknowing of what had transpired, pressed his suit and was accepted. Then commenced a love making that out-romeoed Romeo. He plead that her voice had taught his heart to throb and that in the dead of night the memory of her voice had lulled him to sleep as if by sweet harmonies from out the Dorian lute.

It appears that the medicine man had a wife, a squaw also skilled in the necromancy of the red-man. Having heard from her buck the story of the young lady, she sought the lieutenant and likewise impressed him with her power of divination. She told him that she could bring to his vision the true picture of the woman he loved, but who did not love him in return, and this she could prove. It appears that there was another officer in the regiment who had met this young lady but was not known to have called upon her. However, the medicine woman induced the lieutenant to test her power. The same ceremony was performed as with his lady love and then he likewise partook of the contents of a vial, a mixture of soporific herbs. The incantations, and mumblings accompanied by a weird dance were performed and concluding, she passed her hands over his face and he awakened. He recounted his dream, to the effect that he saw the other officer making love to his intended bride, she caressing him in just such fashion as was her wont with the lieutenant. The medicine woman gazed with a mocking stare as if to cloak her crimes with cunning smiles. He returned to his room and sat throughout the weary night thinking of what he had seen, with eyelids dry for want of tears, tears that would bring to this yearning heart some little con-

solation. Despair was slowly sapping the sweetness of spring to leave the autumnal change its moiety, e'er the winter came to chill his love.

Without much of an explanation he broke the engagement. Her reason became dethroned and for a while her life was in the balance. The medicine man learned of his squaw's perfidy and he at once went to the parents of the young lady and recited the case in all its details. He told them he could restore the reason of their daughter and likewise the lieutenant's love. They yielded and the medicine man went through his weird ceremonies and again her mind became bright, her cheeks assumed their accustomed glow and he brought back to her the love of the lieutenant—more ardent than ever.

IX.

Moving on, now rising to a height enabling the eye to feast upon a richly carpeted country below, then descending to the valley hidden in the elms, passing towns where the commercial is the quickening sense and, by the way, speaking of commerce one can't help but reflect that the railroads get them coming and going. They haul the raw material to these great factories, wait until the machine spins it into the finished product and then quietly haul it to the market. Like the country fair "pay to get in and pay to get out."

"What's that mean?" queried Bill, referring to a sign "Thank you."

"Why" responded Partner, "the town asks you to slow down to ten miles an hour and then as you go out they thank you."

It was just at this point when Partner cautioned Ernest to slow down: "Don't you recognize this point?"

It happened this way: Partner and his chauffeur were speeding along one of the famous roads of Connecticut when they were hailed and told to report to the court the following morning. In New England as much as in other parts of the country, the motor police are quite as indifferent to the fate of the motorist as the latter is to the average pedestrian, so when Partner was ordered to stop, it was to comply.

The amusing part of this story is that in this Connecticut Court the preponderance of evidence had little effect upon the learned judge. Ernest is a careful driver and he knows his machine, he also knows the roads, like the Mississippi skipper that Mark Twain tells about, "he doesn't always know where the rocks are, but he surely knows where they aint."

Ernest took the stand in his own behalf and testified that just as the officer called, he looked at the speedometer and it registered a trifle over thirty miles an hour, and when Partner assumed the role of witness he corroborated the testimony of his chauffeur. The minion of the law, however, contradicted that evidence and said he recorded the machine as going forty-one miles. Here the evidence rested in the scales of justice, two to one, and the standing of Partner and the excellent record of Ernest should have been taken into consideration, but would you believe it, the judge adopted the testimony of the officer, enjoying, undoubtedly, that vested privilege of

passing upon the credibility of witness. Ernest was fined fifty dollars and costs.

Of course, they have no speed law in Connecticut, and Ernest was within the law even at forty-one miles. The law is silent on the subject of speed, but if you do any damage, as Partner says, "It's all up with little Willie."

"But" interposed the learned counsel for Ernest, "if, your Honor, there is no limit under the law, how could defendant know that he was violating the statute of this Commonwealth?"

"Once upon a time a person was killed on that road" replied the Court, "by a big machine going forty miles an hour, and this machine was going forty miles, therefore someone might have been killed by this machine."

This was the inexorable logic of the case at bar, and counsel recalled the dictum of Lord Holt that "law is reason."

However, as it is related, a fine was imposed and considering the fact that the majesty of the law might further have been conserved by an additional penalty of ten days in jail, Partner looked pleasant, paid the fine, which amount was endorsed on the license. This little formality is deemed wise that when application is made for its renewal the record denotes whether the chauffeur is a safe driver. In fact precisely like endorsing a partial payment on the back of a note—it lessens its value.

Driving on, about twenty miles an hour, we observed some pretty colorings along the road, with here and there a little pool to lend a charm to the scene. Finally we stopped to view the dainty bed of wild flowers that ere long would croon their vespers to the sun and then close their tiny petals for the night. At this time of the year they seemed to huddle together in clusters, lest the touch of frost might make their passing too lonely. A wild daisy here and there, hugging the ground, tempted Partner to its plucking. "Why disturb me" in chiding tones, came to the vandal's ear. "You would hazard the supremest joy of the traveler to count a moment only of your gain."

Bill plucked a pom-pom from the sumac, to learn the wisdom from the flowers. "Once break my stem and your prize is shortlived. Why not leave me to enrich the road and thus make your passage one of pleasure," a rebuke that made the ravisher hesitate indeed.

"But" said Bill, "your life is but a transient one and your companionship means much to me."

"Ah, yes," replied the sumac, "but you forget that we are for the many, not for you alone."

Then the silver-weed that fringes the water's edge, the balsam, the purple dogwood and the wormwood in its yellow dress, each in chorus chided the travelers for their wanton greed. True, that reproof becomes the shield to stop the arrow's flight and so the despoilers ceased the rape of the flowers, for just then the liquid tones of the passing thrush and the carol of the lark were blended in a chorus of song that made the travelers ashamed.

"What point is that?" asked Bill.

"That is East Rock" said Partner, for we were now approaching New Haven, and sure enough we were home again.

Another delightful evening in the home of Yale; and the following morning we started for New York via Milford, Stratford and Bridgeport, thence to Norwalk, Stamford and Greenwich, the two latter being very beautiful places.

Partner had a friend by the name of Ham, who wished to accompany us to New York. Now, of course, Ham is not his full name, but just the same he was a good old scout. He could tell a good story, sing and play poker. By the way, playing auto poker is some fun. Instead of cards we used the numbers of the on-coming cars. First Bill would call and sure enough the number was 66320, a pair of sixes; then Ham got three of a kind, but for quite a while the luck seemed to be against Partner. Finally his turn came and four sixes passed to his credit and so on for about three hours. Some game!

Moving along the road just before reaching the confines of New York, we observed a sentinel seated by a lonely tree, who moved into the lane and hailed us:

"Have you any babies in that car?"

"No", responded Partner.

"What's that for" asked Bill.

"Infantile paralysis" responded the guardian of the health.

We drove about two miles further on and came to a fork in the road where we were again stopped, and a representative of the health department stepped up to the car, looked into it and simply said "Move on."

We commenced a song and it finally dawned upon Bill

that each time he started to sing, Partner always had something to which our attention should be called along the roadside. Now Bill thinks he can sing just about as well as Partner, but—

Another hand went up and Partner arose and made a gesture to the “cop” that all was well—adding—“We have no babies in here.”

“Shure an’ I’ll decide that for myself,” and after looking into the car, moved us on with—“Don’t catch the py-ralasis.”

Now what do you think of that, and for a mile or so we tried to settle the question as to whom he referred, one or all.

Well, here is gay old New York, the most fascinating, the most brutal and the most provincial city in the country.

Au Revoir!

L'ENVOI

X.

Rufus, Oh yes, it is unrelated that Rufus is the dog. Well, he is an enigma. Who his parents were is not of record, but he is some dog just the same—"some dog." Partner calls him a cock-tail and when questioned as to just what kind of a dog that is, he smiled and replied "a grand mixture."

His owner is not at all sensitive about the animal. He says himself that no one would give five cents for the dog, but that he would not take five hundred dollars for him. A neighbor once remarked that he would like to own half of the animal, and Partner began to swell with pride. "Why, what on earth would you do with one-half of the dog?"

"Shoot my half," came the laconic reply.

However, Rufus has more sense than a great many people who pat him on the back. Why, that dog will sit quietly throughout a dinner and never make a sound or move, but just as soon as the maid removes the roast from the table, Rufus quietly hikes to the kitchen. "Some intelligence," says Partner. You know you can't help becoming attached to an animal like that, for as Partner says—"He knows when to leave the table." Of course that remark may have had some significance although Partner was looking straight at the dog when he said it.

Bill and Rufus became warm friends and learned to understand each other quite well. At first the dog had his doubts and was rebellious, but before Bill left, Rufus would eat out of his hand.

XI.

Talk about shore dinners, well that is the *pièce de résistance* in the cuisine of the New Englander.

We drove to the shore of Long Island Sound, just out of Norwalk, and Partner, with wise discrimination, had prepared for the event, and some preparation it was.

As we entered the dining-room the ladies were seated, and our host invited the gentlemen to meet two old pals of his. He premised the introduction by stating that they were quaint characters, that he had met these two brothers in a trip up the Nile some years previous and they became fast friends. They had tastes quite in common and when Partner likes any one, he likes him through and through, and then some. So as it is related, he was anxious that Bill from California should shake hands with his old pals from Egypt. As we stepped into the other room—Partner, says he, "Where are the twins?" The gentleman accosted gave a well modulated call, when in stepped the two brothers. *En passant*, it might be well to relate that they were twins, rather short of stature, a little "pinched" in expression and from the aroma, one would suspect that they were some smokers, their complexion sandy as their name would indicate. They were the embodiment of good cheer, rollicking good fellows, and one immediately became inoculated at the first introduction. They made you laugh, were exhilarating, and in short were such to which you wished to tie. However, Partner took hold of Bill's arm, led him up to his friends and with that general fellowship—"Bill, meet my good friends Haig and Haig!"

Oh yes, the dinner! My yes!

Well, first was served clams on the half shell, then a clam chowder. The Connecticut chowder! By the way, the man from the Nutmeg State thinks that that is the only chowder made. Personally Bill expressed a preference for the Massachusetts chowder where you get an opportunity to see the clam frequently, and not be compelled to play hide and seek with it. However, the chowder was all that they claimed for it. Then followed steamed little-necks, a meal in themselves.

The fourth course was blue fish broiled, and served *meuniere*, fit for the gods. At these shore dinners they are very apt to serve what the Easterner considers a delicate morsel,

and that is the shad, but Bill hates the bones and the blue fish was a very delightful substitute.

Broiled live lobster, just think of it, after what preceded. At this juncture it is deemed quite *au fait* to depart from the fish diet, and a broiled squab is served, followed by a salad of tomato and cucumber.

With this repast was served Shelter Island corn, steamed, not boiled, for thereby is the delicious flavor of the corn preserved, but such corn! It is worth a trip across the continent to indulge one's appetite in corn, although the Golden Bantam is the best and most luscious, yet all corn in the East seems to suggest—"come again." Well, now it is proper to partake of a light dessert, such as ice cream or watermelon, with a little cheese and cracker and then the demi-tasse. Wine (et tu Brute) is served for the stomach's sake and after all this, you have performed a gastronomic feat that one never can forget.

Now just go over this menu once more, that is, read it once again and try to comprehend what a shore dinner means. You cannot assimilate the idea, the food—yes. But one thing sure, when you have finished this, you feel satiated and there is a suggestion of abdominal rotundity which lingers for some few hours thereafter.

XII.

Several books had been suggested to Bill with which to pass the lagging hours across the continent. In a general way he remembered their titles and resolved to purchase one the first opportunity, so when he visited a large store and reached the book department, he was ushered into a rare atmosphere of refined intolerance. What else could one expect from the spirit of a Luther, Jeremy Taylor, Nordeau, Spencer, Tom Paine and the infinite number of latter day saints of literature, more or less broad or narrow. He at once realized that he was in the presence of the master minds, past and present. What an atmosphere, what an inspiration! Ere he proceeded far, a peculiar incident occurred, a measurably embellished volume moved from its emplacement, opened its covers as a greeting, and commenced to discuss the war. Then a rather unassuming volume exclaimed, "Beware these conventional lies." Well Bill knew Max Nordeau by his voice, it was a voice of protest. Then two steps to the right and a little dusty volume, with a gray-bluish cover bowed in acknowledgment of Bill's curious gaze. The bow was courtly and such a one as the author must have had in mind when he penned the opening paragraph of his "Advancement of Learning" for it was none other than Francis Bacon. Bill was a little inclined to be facetious, but the learned volume precluded it: "Phoebus, with thy darts revenge our tears," came forth in measured tones and left Bill to speculate as to whether it was intended to refer to the current controversy as to the authorship of Shakespeare.

Now Bill was just about to say that for years he had become convinced that Shakespeare was not the author, but that his incomplete reading prevented him from becoming a Baconian partisan. Then also he was on pleasure bent and not inclined to controversial subjects, but he was wise to hold his peace and thus prevent Bacon from coming back in a more effective and facetious mood by quoting Demosthenes' retort to Aeschinus, a man of pleasure who taunted the great orator that "his speeches smelt of the lamp." "There is a great difference between the objects which you and I pursue by lamp-light," said the great Athenian.

In dulcet tones from apparently nowhere—"Are you looking for anything in particular?" came to Bill's ears and he

turned to observe a most charming pair of brown eyes looking into his blue searchers.

"Yes, if you please, 'Woman's Eyes.' "

"Again, please," came in a sweet and modulated voice.

"'Woman's Eyes' " repeated Bill.

"By whom?"

Now Bill thought a moment and wondered if he had gotten the wrong title. "Why, by Harold Bell Wright" said he.

"Don't you mean 'Eyes of the World?' "

"Possibly, but is there any difference?"

With remarkable composure, she smiled, colored a trifle and proceeded to bring the book and—the eyes also.

As she handed him the book and received the price, she remarked: "I should like to be in a position to present that copy to you."

Bill was himself a little doubtful as to how much of a hit he had made. Thanking her and with a courteous bow, took his departure and as he neared the end of the section, a well bound volume of Emerson made obeisance to the customer, opened its covers and simply remarked: "He builded better than he knew."

"Down."

Bill took the elevator and was again in the busy and vulgar street.

"Woman's Eyes"—no, "Eyes of the World."

"Look out, can't you see where you are going, want to be run over?"

How could he?

XIII.

Standing behind the cigar stand was a very charming bit of femininity, with a pair of large blue eyes and a complexion to indicate Irish parentage. Well, she looked pretty good to Bill and his Partner—a fresh look, but not of manner, rather cultivated you would say.

Bill did not dare to look into those orbs of blue, they were not the cerulean blue, but the real blue blue. Well, be that as it may, says Bill, pointing to some cigars in the case, "Two of those, please." Now he is used to having the box passed out, taking the cigars himself therefrom, but "Blue Eyes" pushed her hand into the case, took out the two cigars and passed them over the counter to Bill. If it were not for his observing nature, this offense might have been condoned, he had not the courage to suggest to Blue Eyes that the box be presented to him. When she handed the cigars over the counter, her hands were very soiled and her nails had not been cleaned for many a moon.

As the two were passing out of the door of the hotel, Bill was seen to nod to the bell-boy and pass him a cigar, and then, "Oh, yes; give this one to the elevator-boy for me." Bill and his Partner entered the car and started out for their day's journey. One, two and three miles according to the speedometer, and not a word, but there are times in one's life when events or scenes flash before the mind and find anchorage there.

Says Bill, "Do you know, I was much disappointed in those blue eyes."

"Eyes or hands, Bill?"

"Well, I expected something different."

"And you got it" came Partner's quick retort. "When traveling in Ireland" continued Partner, "I was given a jolt once not so very much removed from your case and a friend of mine expressed it in verse."

"Don't suppose you remember it" said Bill.

"I think so" said Partner, and proceeded to recite.

THE MAID OF MALLEROOK

There sat a maid, a dainty nymph,
Beside the running brook;
Her face was fair to look upon,
Her form a perfect paragon,
The Maid of Mallerook.

I moved by stealth, up to her side,
Just o'er the running brook;
A matchless beauty was reveal'd,
An eloquence of thought conceal'd,
This Maid of Mallerook.

As if 'twere Lethe running there,
This gentle, flowing brook; ;
I supped this cool and magic stream,
And lo! all else was but a dream,
Oh! Maid of Mallerook.

And when she gazed into mine eyes,
'Twas by the running brook;
A tear was there, her cheek to lave,
Thought I how proud to be her slave,
Dear Maid of Mallerook.

Then spoke I to this dainty nymph,
Close by the babbling brook;
"What thought is passing through thy mind,
"What hope may I, now therein find"
Sweet Maid of Mallerook?

Her eyes were bright as Heaven's gems,
Just gazing o'er the brook;
And when they looked into mine own,
The seed of love was therein sown,
Fond Maid of Mallerook.

In rapture, stood I there the nonce,
Down by the quiet brook;
And measured strength, by sigh and tear,
Awaiting her reply with fear;
Speak! Maid of Mallerook.

Then straightway turned the maid to me,
Yet sitting by the brook;
"Yous lobsters aint no good," she said,
"So quit yer kiddin', mutton-head,"
Quoth, Maid of Mallerook.

Then down the lane I strolled alone,
Along the singing brook;
Yea, "mutton-head" and "lobster" too,
Are much too good for me and you,
If thus we chance, the fool to do,
Wise Maid of Mallerook.

AFTER-WORD

By the wooded banks the gentle stream goes moving on.
The hills of beauty, the vales of song and the leaf of color
yet abide, while the spirit of the West enshrined in fabled
dreams still lingers o'er that scene and then reluctantly moves
westward to their sister charms.

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